

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

MARVEL
COMICS

SPECIAL PREVIEW ISSUE!

SPECIAL
75¢
95¢ CMA/75¢ IN
PRICE

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
AND
SOUND
RECORDING
AUTHORITY

First Cut

RAZORLINE

SUPER HEROES FROM THE MIND OF CLIVE BARKER



TRUSTAN

CLIVE BARKER ON RAZORLINE

If ever there was a medium made for over-achievers, it's comics. Where else can a creator make mischief on a cosmic scale; tell tales in which worlds rise and fall in the space of a few panels, where battles may shake the stars, and every emotion—grief, joy, rage, hope—is felt and expressed on a mythic scale?

Here no excess is shameful, no villainy too damnable, no love too selfless, no joy too transcendent. Given the chance to create a new universe for these excesses to flourish in, who could turn down the invitation? Not this writer.

Hence, the Decamundi, a series of ten New Worlds where dozens of characters who have never before existed outside my fevered imagination are ready to erupt. The stories and mythologies we are creating for you are, I promise, without precedent in my creative life. There's nothing here you will have seen in one of my movies, or read in one of my novels or short stories. The Barkerverse has been created specifically for the comic-book page.

In it, you'll find super heroes a'plenty, and villains for them to tangle with; there'll be species of Humankind and Hyperkind you've never dreamt of before; there'll be phantoms from the Ectosphere, and Gods who gamble with the fate of our planet, and magic and mayhem and miracles. . .

And all this is just the beginning.

In the upcoming months the Barkerverse is set for a Big Bang, as new characters, titles, and worlds are added to the four that will be in your hands this Summer. If you find too many of the New Universes being touted around by the competition look suspiciously like old Universes with a half-hearted lick of paint, come with us on our journey into the wilds of the Decamundi. We will take you on the ride of your lives. And isn't that why we all go to comic books in the first place, to be transported?

Enough. I've got a dozen continents to name and a star system to create before I'm done for the day. It's a tough job playing God, but somebody's got to do it. . .

— Clive Barker

CLIVE BARKER
creator

MARC McLAURIN
editor

TOM DANING
asst. editor

MALCOLM SMITH
consulting editor

CARL POTTS
exec. editor

TOM DeFALCO
editor in chief

JOE KAUFMAN
designer

TRISTAN SCHANE
cover

VITO INCORVALA
cover design

RAZORLINE™ THE FIRST CUT Vol. 1, No. 1, September, 1993. Published by MARVEL COMICS, Terry Stewart, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Michael Hudson, Group Vice President, Publishing, OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 307 PARK AVENUE, SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10014. All HYPERKIND, ECTOKID, HOKUM & HEX and SAINT SINNER material COPYRIGHT © 1993 Clive Barker. All Rights reserved. RAZORLINE and all other material COPYRIGHT © 1993 Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All Rights reserved. Price \$34 per copy in the U.S. and \$36 in Canada. GST # R127032852. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and in sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold with any part of its cover or markings removed, or in mutilated condition. HYPERKIND, ECTOKID, HOKUM & HEX and SAINT SINNER (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinct likenesses thereof) are trademarks of CLIVE BARKER. RAZORLINE is a trademark of Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. Printed in the U.S.A. HaCSA - non deplume -

HOKUM & HEX

Hokum & Hex is a modern take on an ancient subject: the shaman-hero who stands at the doorway to another dimension, guarding the earth from forces that attempt to pass through that portal and wreak havoc amongst us.

Instead of choosing the Magician from the Tarot pack, it's the Fool who is our contemporary hero: the Fool, granted powers that he doesn't understand or know how to properly use, who is nevertheless our only hope in dark and dangerous times.

This is Doctor Strange meets the Comedy Channel meets Aliens. An unholy alliance of magic, monsters and maniacal mayhem that will hopefully revive the fortunes of the magician as wit and wonder-maker, the man who wins his battles with imagination rather than brute force, and whose humanity—magnified through the powers he's been accidentally granted—is the thing his enemies fear the most, because it's unpredictable, irrepressible and finally, a sign of the divine.

Trip Munroe is the great-grandson of one of Vaudeville's forgotten stars, "Sweet-Tooth" Munroe, whose routines were legendary in their time. Now Trip is following in "Sweet-Tooth's" footsteps.



He's become a stand-up comedian. It's a disastrous decision. His fiancée has left him. His bank balance has never been worse. And...nobody thinks he's funny.

But Fate has plans for Trip. He's about to become a master magician

possessed of extraordinary talents. He's about to face an invasion from another dimension that is even now underway. He must wage war against the powers that will soon sow grief and insanity throughout the world; against warrior-grotesques called the Corpil—some of the dirtiest and most brutal fighters in the Ten Worlds. But Trip has power, a vast array of absurd weapons—Munroe's ephemera—to help him in the fray.

From now on, sometime stand-up comedian, failed lover and insomniac Trip Munroe will be a defender of Earth. He will travel the Decamundi looking for magical allies in the struggle; he'll meet his great-grandfather's spirit, and learn how comedy expresses the healing spirit of the Cosmos; he'll do stand-up routines for deities, and ride his unicycle through the fires of the Neobys.

The old order of pseudo-archaic spells and high-falutin' symbolism is over. Welcome to the magic of the nineties—comical and brutal, surreal and cynical, dark and... ridiculous.



BY CLIVE BARKER

IN THE CATHEDRAL OF
FELON BALE, THE
WARRIOR-GOD HAS
COME TO WORSHIP
HIMSELF.

TALK ABOUT
EGO.

BUT... FELON BALE
IS A GOD-- ONE OF
THE TEN ON THE TEN
WORLDS KNOWN AS
THE REGIMUNDI.

THIS IS HIS WORLD, THE
NEEDS, A WARRIOR WORLD--
THE PIT OF THE REGIMUNDI.
LARGELY HARSH, LARGELY
BARREN, DOTTED BY
POCKETS OF RELIGIOUS
ARCHITECTURE AND
GAMBLING DENS.

IMAGINE LAS VEGAS,
WITHOUT A SENSE
OF HUMOR.

THE WARRIOR GORKILL
CORPUS WATCHES
SILENTLY, ILLIDITELY,
SEEING WHAT HE
SHOULD NOT.

FOR DAYS, FELON BALE HAS
BEEN PREPARING FOR
ASSEMBLY. THIS RITUAL IS
PART OF IT. GORKILL AND
HIS BRETHREN HAVE
HEARD OF "THE
RESOLUTION," BUT
NONE HAS BEEN SO
BRAVE OR RECKLESS
TO STEAL IN AND SEE IT
FOR HIMSELF.

AND NOW, CURIOSITY
MAY KILL THE CORPUS...
OR HE MAY SIMPLY END
UP WITH AN AMUSING
ANECDOTE TO TELL...

HOKUM & HEX

Have you heard
the one about... **FELON BALE?**

GLYNE BARKER • creator
FRANK LOVCE • writer
ANTHONY WILLIAMS • penciler
ANDY LANNING • inker
JOHN GOSTAVEA • letterer
KEVIN SOMERS • color



HE'S ABOUT TO DIE,
THAT ONE ON THE
ALTAR. THAT'S
ALL WE KNOW.

THAT, AND HIS
GUARANTEE OF
HEAVEN FOR HIS
SACRIFICE. SO GO
ON THE TEACHINGS.

I SUPPOSE THAT'S
A FAIR TRADE...
ESPECIALLY SINCE
FELION BALE'S
INVOLVED. THE
SACRIFICED PROBABLY
GO PEACEFULLY.



MY MINION, MY FOLLOWER, MY CHILD,
MY SON. MORDANT CORPUS, YOUR
NAME WILL BE RECORDED ALONGSIDE
THE DEITIES OF THE DEGAMUND!

FROM THIS LIFE, THIS
SMELL—YOU WILL HAVE
ETERNAL SALVATION.

I LOVE
YOU, MORDANT
CORPUS.

I KNOW AND
LOVE ALL MY
FOLLOWERS.



YOU ARE NOW A SACRED PART OF "THE
RESOLUTION." YOU ARE HONORED. YOU
ARE JOY AND ECSTASY INCARNATE!

LET THE
RITUAL
CLIMAX!
LET THE
RITUAL
CLIMAX!



LET
THE
RITUAL
CLIMAX!!





THE MOMENT OF RESOLUTION
HAS ARRIVED!

GATHER THE
GORTH WARRIORS!
GATHER THE FOLLOWERS
OF FELON BALE!

PREPARE
TO SPREAD
MY HOLY
WARRIORS!



FELLOW GODS OF
THE DECAMUNDI, I SEEK
ONLY TO SAVE THEIR
SOULS. BLUE PLANET
HAS DESCENDED INTO
MORAL DECAY.

THEY CELEBRATE
DEVILRY. THEY KILL
THEIR UNBORN. THEY
DEVASTATE THEIR
FAMILIES BY SENDING
THEIR FEMALES TO
MEXX.

HELP ME
SAVE THEM FROM
THEMSELVES!

--THIS, THEIR
CHOSEN DEFENDER--
IN OUR MOST RIGHT-
GOD'S CRUSADE!

GRANT ME, PLEASE,
THE WISDOM AND
STRENGTH TO VANQUISH
THEIR CAMMEND--



SO THAT'S
WHAT IT IS--
A HOLY
WAR.

WELL... DYING
IN BATTLE WILL GET
ME TO HEAVEN JUST
AS GOOD AS BEING
SACRIFICED HERE.

--UGH!
WHAT A WAY
TO GO.





WELL...
THAT'S IT
THEN.

LOOK!
THERE!
INFIDEL!

DELIVER YOURSELF
TO FELON BALE!
NOW!

**GORKILL
CORPUS!**



YES, I
KNOW
WHO YOU
ARE.

I KNOW
ALL MY
BELOVED
CORPUS!
I AM
YOUR
GOD.



GORKILL...
MY GORKILL...
MY OWN...

I WILL NOT ARM YOU. MORDANT
CORPUS WAS SACRIFICED ONLY FOR
THE RESOLUTION. IT IS A RITUAL,
A SYMBOL OF MY RESOLVE. FOR
IF I CAN SO DESTROY AND
RESCUE
ONE OF MY
OWN, WHOM
I LOVE--

WE DO NOT
KILL FOR THE
SAKE OF
KILLING.

WE KILL TO BRING
WORLDS CLOSER TO
THE TEN TRUE
GODS.

DO YOU
BELIEVE IN
THE TEN
TRUE
GODS?

--THEN IN WAR, I CAN MAKE
ANY OTHER DECISION
I MUST.



...YES.



SO NOW, GORKILL CORPUS.
YOU WILL LEAD THE FIRST
EXPERIMENTARY FORCE.
RETURN WITH BLUE PLANET'S
CHAMPION... AND I WILL
GRANT YOU THE HONOR OF
HEAVEN, LIKE YOUR
BRETHREN CORPUS
TODAY.

ALWAYS
KNOW...
FELON BALE
LOVES
YOU.

I'VE LEARNED
THINGS TODAY.
IMPORTANT THINGS.
THINGS I CAN
USE.



NOW WE GO TO
WAR AGAINST
BLUE PLANET.
WAR IS WHAT
I DO. WAR
MAKES
OPPORTUNITIES.

AND I KNOW
I HAVE TO BE
READY FOR
THE UNEXPECTED,
IF I'M EVER
TO GET
AHEAD!

"It's called Hokum & Hex," Marcus said, grinning at the weirdness of the name. "It's super hero, except funny, but not silly-funny. And it's got some magical stuff in it. Clive calls it Dr.-Strange-meets-Comedy-Central. So," he said, "I thought of you."

Hmm. Now the last things I'd done for Marcus at that point were a pair of really grim and depressing Hellraiser stories that people said made them want to cry. Yet Clive, Marcus assured me, had seen Atomic Age, my Epic Comics miniseries about flying saucers in wacky 1950's L.A., and had liked the "dark edge." So I read Clive's series description.

Wow.

This three-page synopsis was so imaginative, so original, so...weird. It was unlike anything I'd seen in comics—as formula-free and off-kilter as Northern Exposure and Seinfeld are to television, yet just as entertaining and accessible. (The other three Barkerverse concepts, I later found, were just as amazing and fresh.)

Which still leaves the questions: Who is Hokum, and who is Hex?

Nobody. As with the titles Strange Tales or Marvel Comics Presents, "Hokum & Hex" is a notion—comedy and magic, humor and wonder, the ridiculous meeting the fantastic for lunch. All this stuff is embodied in poor schmuck Trip Munroe, an outsider who doesn't know how to handle all this new power and responsibility, no more than you or I would. He's bitter about things in his life, disappointed by other

people, betrayed by women he's had the bad luck to fall in love with. And for all that, he's kept his sense of humor and his appreciation of the absurdities.

Believe me, that can be all the weapons and the magic you need in this world.

On the other hand, you and I aren't trying to fight off Corpil warriors by using demonic rubber chickens.

— Frank Lovece



SAINT SINNER

Saint Sinner is perhaps the most challenging (not to say the strangest) of the first four Razorline projects: a comic that will hopefully stray where few mainstream titles have gone before. It is not a traditional super-hero title, though its protagonists—and most of its antagonists—will possess extraordinary powers of one kind or another, but then neither is it intended as a horror or fantasy title. Perhaps we're best thinking of it as a book of Shaman's tales: journeys into the darkest and brightest regions of the imagination that will touch on folklore, urban legend, religious mythology and and pop culture in equal measure.

Personifying this stew of influences is the eponymous hero—Phillip Fetter, Saint Sinner—a man containing both the very worst and the very best of moral possibilities, and who is constantly striving to maintain a balance between the two. His associates—the infantile giant Bull Baby, the collage woman Mishmash, and Kento Canto, the inter-dimensional acrobat—are occasionally fellow adventurers (and constant residents of the Saint's Mansion in the Vertesque), but Fetter's journey, like the agony of paradox which is his very life, is finally an experience he must share only with a few thousand readers....

It begins at midnight, with Phillip Fetter, an innocent man who has been driven to commit arbitrary murders by a psychotic spirit called the Runesmith, an invisible entity who constantly whispers in Fetter's ear.



Fetter almost murders his own father and mother, but resists in the nick of time, and throws himself into a river to put an end to his miserable life. But he's dragged out by a strange woman called Regina. The Runesmith still resides in his



head however, and in his confused state, Phillip doesn't have the will to resist the malicious spirit's orders. He murders Regina, whose body blazes white as he does so. Her essence—or rather *its* essence, for Phillip has murdered an angel—enters him, trapping the Runesmith in Phillip's soul.

Phillip learns to draw on the powers in him, discovering that the presence of two contradictory spirits has awakened extraordinary talents. He can advance or regress any living form, speeding up its evolution massively or returning it to its primal state. This is a dangerous skill, however. For one, he as yet has no control over the power. For another, the evolved or regressed form may be more dangerous than the form he touched in the first place.

He finds that his old life is untenable, exchanging it for a new life as Saint Sinner, a kind of patron saint of lost souls. He has, he realizes, a chance to change lives for the better, but if he misuses his gifts he could readily do more harm than good, so he has to tread carefully when he answers calls for help. There is a dark side to him - a side hungry for evil - and it must be

controlled, or else tricked into submission. And it, in its turn, will prove manipulative as the months go by, time and time again attempting to blur the lines between good deeds and bad as tales of Saint Sinner's power spread throughout the Barkerverse.

Saint Sinner's legend even reaches the Earth. In the slums of Rio and Bangkok, in secret chapels at Lourdes, a new name has been added to the list of

saviors. He appears surrounded by creatures in the process of being transformed; he has a halo and a forked tail, and he is known by many names, but most eloquently perhaps as The Man Who Walks Between. Whether this will prove to be a blessed or a cursed condition only time, and our tales, will tell.



BY CLIVE BARKER

SAINT SINNER

LIKE MY BROTHERS BEFORE
ME, I CARRY ON THE WORK
IN SOLITUDE AND IN SILENCE.

IT IS OUR TRADITION,
IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN
OUR WAY.

NOT MERELY AN ART
AND MORE THAN A VOCATION,
MY WORK IS SACRED DUTY...

CREATOR: CLIVE BARKER
STORY: ELAINE LEE
ART: MARK DEVLASS
LETTERS: JINJIE CHUNG
COLORS: CHRISTIE SCHEELE

...RECORDING
THE LIVES
OF SAINTS.

ONE SAINT, OF LATE
HAS BECOME
MY PASSION. HE IS
LITTLE KNOWN...
REJECTED BY
THE ORTHODOX.



"THE MAN WHO
WALKS BETWEEN."



HE IS COURT OF LAST RESORT, LEAST OF EVILS.
THE FIRE WITH WHICH THE FIRE IS FOUGHT.
HE IS THE NAMELESS ONE, THE PATRON OF LOST
SOULS, KNOWN ONLY TO THE DESPAIRING AS...

WHEN STILL A BOY,
THE SAINT WAS TAKEN
BY A DEMON AND FORCED
AT THE DEMON'S BEHEST
TO COMMIT FOLK MURDER.



THE DEMON, AT LAST, BADE
HIM KILL HIS PARENTS, BUT
HE DENIED THE SPIRIT AND
SPARED THEM.



IN DESPAIR, HE THREW
HIMSELF INTO A TORRENT,
BUT WAS SAVED FROM
DEATH BY A STRANGE,
DARK WOMAN.



HIS STRENGTH EXHAUSTED
BY THE ORDEAL, HE COULD NOT
RESIST THE DEMON'S COMMAND
THAT HE KILL THE WOMAN.



BUT, THE WOMAN WAS AN ANGEL,
HER FIERY SPIRIT BURNED INTO HIM,
BEARING BOTH THE DEMON AND ITSELF
TO THE FABRIC OF HIS SOUL.



BOTH ANGEL AND DEMON WERE
WITHIN THE SOUL OF THE SAINT.
LOCKED IN BATTLE'S FORTITUDE
FORCING HIM TO WALK A PATH
BETWEEN THE TWO.

NOT MERELY ART AND MORE
THAN THE PRODUCT OF
MY VOCATION, EACH COMPLETED
IMAGE IS A PRAYER...
AN INVOCATION.

THE PRAYER HAS
NO WORDS...

not out of hell
and denied heaven
he travels a path
that is neither and
answers the prayers
of the Gordanien and
the Dispossessed

scanDo*,
Go:

TON SCANNER

ITS MESSAGE TRAVELS
NOT THROUGH SOUND, BUT
ON POINTS OF LIGHT.

MY HANDS ARE
THE AGENTS OF
MY HEART.

select; s1
cut;

SUB
PC
Red
CITY

THROUGH PAPER
AND PAINT AND PIXEL,
MY SOUL PETITIONS,
THE NAMELESS SAINT...

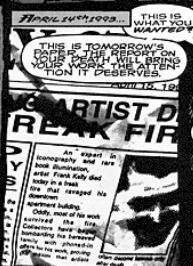
select, s2
paste:

save:

"COME TO ME, THAT
I MIGHT KNOW YOU!"

IS THIS
WHAT YOU
WANTED?





TO BE CONTINUED IN SAINT SINNER 11

Phillip Fetter is an all-too-human sixteen-year-old who has a kind of divinity thrust upon him. He is possessed, first by a demon who drives him to a spree of murders, then by an angel. The angelic entity balances and keeps the demon at bay and the three personalities form a Trinity, a union ruled uneasily by the boy's human consciousness. This three-part man is called Saint Sinner. Through the two entities he gains the power to advance or regress any life form to a higher or more primitive state and the power to pass between worlds, using dimensional gates.

Saint Sinner is not an immortal, though his life-span is greatly extended by the fact of his living in a timeless dimension. Interestingly, he has lost nine years of his youth (while being tortured by the demon's brothers in another dimension known as the Amen!) so that, while he appears to be a man of twenty-five, he only has the experience of a sixteen-year-old. On the other hand, he has much direct knowledge of the Earth and of other worlds that comes to him through the entities. Imagine a really smart kid with underdeveloped social skills, teenage insecurity, an adult body, and incredible power over any living thing.

Lucky for us, he's basically a good kid, a bit gloomy, perhaps, but trying his best to control a fantastic power and two entities at war in his mind. Sometimes he succeeds. Sometimes, lacking the skill and experience that comes with age, he allows his underdeveloped emotional side to unleash his power in a destructive way. This is most likely to happen during those times he feels "in control"... when he is denying the demon inside him.

But he will have to learn to give the demon his due.

—Elaine Lee



HYPERKIND

Hyperkind is unequivocally a super hero title, with a twist. The New Heroes, the Hyperkind, are

four young people who have taken on the mantle of a much older band of champions, called Paxis. They are literally stepping into the shoes of men and women who were trained to fight the forces of evil, but whose commitment to justice became tainted by the sheer power they could exert, and whose relationships with each other were so weakened by jealousy and interpersonal politics that they were eventually wiped out—not by the strongest of their interstellar enemies, but by one of the weakest.

The driving forces of Hyperkind will be action and interpersonal drama, the latter lent scale and complexity by the weight of responsibility laid upon four young shoulders. All this, and twenty years' worth of old enemies—the creatures from around the Ten Worlds of the Barkerverse who were bested by Paxis in its old incarnation—and who are determined to revenge themselves on the Neo Paxis while they are still wet behind the ears, and thus easy prey.

Once there were heroes in the world, and there were none greater than Paxis. Who was it who saved the planet from the hordes of Mandamus Thermakk, the Lawgiver from Quo? Paxis. Who was it who devised a means to defend us from the tiny, myriad legions of Elzovir, when they invaded

from their miniature world? Paxis. Who put such masters and mistresses of cruelty and destruction as Novus Tic,



Iconak and the Dellrio Wraiths out of commission? Paxis.

And where is Paxis now? Gone, to rumor and legend and dust. But now a new generation rises to take their place, in the midst of a mystery, and into a world of raw action.

It will take many adventures for the Neo Paxis to fully comprehend the

powers that they have been granted, but each is best paralleled with a level of human consciousness. George Yaneda has become a creature of pure instinct, a wild man who has a telepathic connection with untamed living things. Dyan Delight has become a dream manipulator, able to "read" the unspoken devices of sentient species, and call forth physical manifestations of those dreams. She is a mistress of the surreal, and surrounds herself with the detritus of other people's unconscious. Lisa Moffit will become the balanced heart of Paxis as time goes by; the one who attempts to reconcile its various factions. She has gained Eschbacher's ability to fly, to endure all manner of elemental extremes, and—most importantly—to use any physical object as an extension of her own body. She is, in essence, the ultimate tool-user. Kenny Zambetti, a sometime college drop-out, has inherited an intellectual grasp which astounds him. He is the mathematical aesthete of the group: the one who can calculate to the thousandth point the likelihood of any eventuality. But his skill has more practical applications. He is able—by the most precise calculations—to find the weaknesses in a seemingly impregnable enemy. He is also able to clear his mind of all but pure calculations, at which time his consciousness becomes physical: an icy, lethal weapon.

The central mystery of the Hyperkind is one at the core of the Barkerverse. What happened to the original Paxis? And why does no one in the world remember their legend?

The answers to these queries lie in a secret war fought decades ago, wherein two warring alien nations used Earth as their battlefield, and in the evil genius of the psychotic Paragon John, whose hatred and jealousy of the heroes who fought have driven him to become the most powerful man in the world—and a deadly enemy to all Hyperkind.

The Hyperkind will meet these challenges with more than fists and fury. Their skills, as I've said, represent aspects of human consciousness, and as they mature in their roles they will come to better understand the spiritual nature of their task. Somewhere up ahead—maybe five years from now, maybe fifty—humanity is going to take an extraordinary evolutionary leap. They are the first, fragile hope for that new kind of humanity: an experiment in heroism. If it succeeds—if the second Paxis prospers where the first self-destructed—then humanity has a future. If it fails, then the enemies of our species—the many entities who would prefer us to stay locked in our selfishness, stupidity and self-deception because it better serves their plans to destroy or enslave us—will have the sign they need, and the years that humanity has left will dwindle to a handful, and finally—all too soon—to nothing.



BY CLIVE BARKER

"SHE--SHE ~~LOVE~~ HER NAME WAS LISA... AND SHE CAME HERE WANTING TO CHANGE HER LIFE..."

"...INSTEAD SHE JUST MAY END IT--AS I HAVE ENDED MINE."

BACK OFF! THE OLD MAN MAY HAVE BEEN EASY PICKINGS, BUT NOW YOU'VE GOT ME TO DEAL WITH.

388

DON'T BE A FOOL, GIRL! YOU CANNOT FATHOM THE DANGER IN WHICH YOU'VE PLACED YOUR WORLD!

NOW YIELD, OR DIE AS HE DID! YOU'RE NO FANTASY MARKER!

...AND I'VE NO MORE TIME FOR CHILDISH GAMES!

CONVULSING WITH
MILKING MILK
DEEP BREATH
COTTON

NO-ROD TUNNEL
SHE--SHE DIDN'T
SHE--SHE DIDN'T
SHE--SHE DIDN'T

NO-ROD TUNNEL
SHE--SHE DIDN'T
SHE--SHE DIDN'T
SHE--SHE DIDN'T

ONE-
TWO-
THREE-
FOUR-

DON'T LISTEN TO THEM! MARK! WHEN YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO CHANGE YOUR LIFE...

...AND NOW I'VE GIVEN YOU THE POWER TO DO IT!

"EVEN AS SHE SEETHES WITH THE FORCES WHICH TRANSFORMED HER, I FEAR THAT WHATEVER HER BRAVADO, WHATEVER HER NEWFOUND ABILITIES, SHE'S DOOMED TO FAIL, AS I HAVE."

PIXIS REBORN

HYPERKIND

WITH THANKS TO MARK FACELLA

RETURN
WHAT YOU'VE
STOLEN.
GRL: THAT
POWER WAS
NOT
DESIGNED
TO GIVE.

ONLY THOSE
CHANGING THE
TOUGHEST
FEW CAN
HELP MY PEOPLE'S
NIGHT.

IS THAT
WHAT IT
TOOK...

THEN
SO BE IT!

"I KNOW SHE WILL FAIL, AS WE
DO. SO LONG AS, AS I
KNOW THAT IT'S MY FAULT."

WHAT
HAVE I DONE?
SHE'S NOT READY
NOT YET!

I THOUGHT
IT WAS A DREAM.
MY HALF-MEMORIES
OF FIGHTING TO SAVE
THE EARTH FROM ALIENS
...MY LIFE AS A
HYPERKING...

BUT IT
WAS TRUTH,
NOT
FICTION!

THE
ARCH-KEY
HELD THE POWER
ALL THE TIME!

"MUST I LEAVE THIS LIFE
KNOWING MY SEARCH FOR
WORTHY SUCCESSORS HAS
BEEN IN VAIN?"

YOU'LL
TEASE ME
AND THE GROUND
IS THAT IT?

YOU'RE NO THREAT,
CHILD! SEE THAT, AND LIVE!
ALONE, YOU DON'T STAND
A CHANCE!

--KNOWING THE POWER RESTS
IN HANDS I WILL SURELY
END IT ALL--"

BUT
SHE'S NOT
ALONE!

THANKS
FOR BUYING US
TIME, SISTER--NOW
LET'S TAKE OUT LIZARD
BREATH! BEFORE
HE CAN DO ANY MORE
DAMAGE!

IT'S CLEAR A
DIRECT COURSE
OF ACTION IS
REQUIRED. HIS
VIOLENCE MUST
BE PETERED.

SO MUCH IS
CLEAR--SO MUCH
THAT I NOW
UNDERSTOOD
BEFORE...

YEAH, WELL,
UNTIL WE BUST UP
BIG, MEAN, AN' GREEN
HERE--KEEP THOSE
NEW REVELATIONS
UNDER YOUR HAT!

HAT?

"THE GIRL LISA AND
HER FRIENDS...THEY
MAY ASK A WELL..."

"BUT I CAN'T LET
THEM WIELD THE LEGACY
UNGUIDED!"



AS THE SOUL OF THE AGED
WARRIOR FLEES HIS DYING BODY,
TAKING REFUGE WITHIN THE ALIEN
TECHNOLOGY WHICH ONCE
TRANSFORMED HIM...

...THREE YOUTHS—ALTERED
BY FORCES THEY HAVE YET
TO UNDERSTAND...

...DO BATTLE WITH A
SOLDIER FROM ANOTHER
SOLAR SYSTEM...

...A BATTLE THAT WILL
ALTER THE FATE OF
OUR WORLD.

HE...HE'S
DEAD!
YOU HAVE
KILLED
HIM!

BUT
YOU WON'T
KILL US!

I'VE TRIED
REASON... FORCE...
BUT IN THE END,
YOU HUMANS ARE
TOO TENACIOUS!

I WILL
UNDERESTIMATE
YOU NO
LONGER!

BUT UNSEEN, THE WARRIOR'S
SPIRIT MOVES EVEN BEYOND
DEATH, LEAVING HIS MIND
FREE TO WONDER:

"WITH EARTH SO LONG
UNTROUCHED BY HYPERKIND,
IS THERE ANY WAY FOR THESE
CHILDREN TO CONQUER
THERMAKK!?"

ARMATA, LOGIX, AND AMOKK—SOON
TO BE JOINED BY A FOURTH NEO-
PAID TO BE CALLED BLISS—ARE
ALL THAT STAND BETWEEN OUR
WORLD AND OBLIVION...

...BRAVE TEENAGERS STRUGGLING
IN A WAR THAT'LL CHANGE THE WAY
YOU LOOK AT HEROES, FOREVER!

TO BE CONTINUED IN HYPERKIND #11

"KIrby meets Giger in King Tut's tomb...."

That's how I first described the Paxis Laboratory to Paris Cullins. And that, in a nutshell, is what **Hyperkind** is here to deliver.

Jack Kirby (king of comics) is action—dynamic, no-holds-barred, bigger than life. Kirby is Marvel: an enthusiasm for new heroes and new gods, for all too human emotions blown up to galactic dimensions. Stan and Jack laid claim to that territory some thirty-odd years ago when they created the Marvel Universe and you and I came back to their bold worlds each week, each month, with captivated glee.

H.R. Giger (production designer on *Alien*) is transformation—stunning, horrific, beyond all scope. Giger is that strange power from the depths of us that grabs our imagination and refuses to let go. Like Clive Barker himself, Giger is reclaiming the darkly glowing dream realms—and you and I are lucky to be treated to those creations.

And what of King Tut's tomb? That, my friends, is myth, lineage, youth. Amokk, Armata, Logix, and Bliss: four teenagers from Los Angeles—two from the streets, two from the well-to-do suburbs, but all with youthful enthusiasm (some would call it naiveté) and a desire to change their lives for the better. They are what some would call "Clinton-era heroes." They are **Hyperkind**. Welcome to their world.



Ectokid

The Ectokid is a dark fantasy comic with a fourteen-year-old boy as its hero, a marriage of supernatural adventures with very worldly concerns.

While its hero—Dexter (Dex) Mungo is not a super hero in the strictest sense, but the book nevertheless has the energy and bravura of a super-hero title. The villains set against Dex are larger than life (so to speak) and the dilemmas he faces in the Ectosphere (the Ghost World, where Dex has considerable power) have dire consequences for the sanity and safety of ordinary mortals.

It begins with Dex Mungo having one of his “attacks” again: blinding headaches and a blurring of his sight that began a little under a year ago, when he turned thirteen. His sickness is the latest in a series of personal catastrophes that have dogged Dex since birth.

Dex seems to see the world differently when the attacks seize him. His right eye (which is controlled, of course, by the left side of his brain) sees our world—architecturally speaking. His left eye sees a world very similarly (the doors, wall, windows in much the same place) but with sometimes subtle, sometimes dramatic differences. All the structures appear encrusted, until they resemble a



coral reef. And they are haunted too: countless forms, some remotely human, many not, seem to occupy this other space: The Right Eye world.

From his mother, Josephine Mungo, a hospitalized clairvoyant whose psychic dabblings have contributed to a complete mental breakdown, Dex discovers his shocking origins. Josephine, a fledgling clairvoyant, brought a ghost through from the Ectosphere—the dimension of ghosts that exists in the same physical space as ours, but beyond the comprehension of our meager senses. That ghost, Leo Mellhart, fell in love with her. After a forbidden liaison, her lover was soon dragged back into the Ghost-World by the Etherites, the mysterious spirit police whose job it is to pounce upon such transgressions.

But love has its consequences. In this case, the consequence was a child (named Dex as a shortened form of ambidextrous); a child who would grow up to have access to two worlds—the Here and the Hereafter, the living and the dead.

The Ectosphere is not just a world of ghosts; it is also the home of entities known in this world as poltergeists and imps, succubi and incubi, furies and possessing spirits. For someone who is half of the Here, of the Living World, it is a dangerous place. Dex's soul will be very succulent to the evil entities of the Ectosphere: a morsel, ripe for consumption.

At the core of Dex's story lies a mystical device created by his father—the Aurat—a device which will offer humanity entrance into the Ectosphere. Leo Mellhart was murdered by an alliance of interests for whom such a

prospect was more chilling than thrilling: The Expurgatorius, an unholy alliance of representatives of the Church (who have a vested interest in keeping knowledge of the Hereafter to themselves); political forces (who wish to keep humanity from any greater sense of its own destiny), and criminal elements have their own agenda. They will own the device and the power it possesses, at any cost.

Endangered on Earth by agents of Expurgatorius, and pursued in the Ectosphere by forces who will do both him and his father terrible damage, it is a perilous adventure he has begun.

But along the way he will encounter friends stranger and more bizarrely talented than any he could have met in the Here; he'll discover his own innate strengths (and weaknesses); become a hero amongst ghosts; and finally, of course, discover his father and share the secret which can literally change the world....



BY CLIVE BARKER

EctoKid

CREATED BY
CLIVE BARNER
WRITTEN BY
JAMES ROBINSON
ART BY
STEVE SKROCK
BOB DVORAK
LETTERED BY
SASAP
COLORED BY
JOHN KALISZ

A BLANKET OF WHISPERED RUSTLING HAS FALLEN OVER THIS PLACE. THE HUSH SHATTERED INTERMITTENTLY BY OLD MAN RUGGLES... SO BIG THAT HIS CROAK SOUNDS LIKE A DOG'S BARK.

THE LOUISIANA
BAYOU AT NIGHT.

AND DEX
HUNG-O
LOATHES
IT...

YO, THE
HOUSE.
IT'S AM.
I'M BACK.

HE'S A CITY BOY WHO HATES
THE GREEN, PAVEMENT GREY
AND BOOM! RUGGLES HIS
FAVORITE COLOR.

YET... WHENEVER HE'S
WORRIED AND NEEDS
ADVICE, HE COMES TO
THIS PLACE.

DEX! OEX, BOY!
LORD, IT'S GOOD
TO SEE YO' FACE.

FOR HERE LIVES
MAMA DEAL.

SURPRISE TWO!
THIS LATE N' ALL,
FOR YO' TO BE OUT,
MUST BE SOMETHIN'
ALIN' YO MIGHTY
BAD.

YEAH, AS EVER,
I'M TROUBLED. I
COME TO YOU.
AND BOY AM
I TROUBLED.

IT'S A DREAM I HAD,
MAMA. A DREAM.

"YOU KNOW MY
LIFE... SINCE MY
MOTHER WAS
PUT AWAY.

"LIFE OF MISCHIEF,
LIFE OF FULL GREENS,
MY PLAYGROUND
PICKING POCKETS
AND THIEVING. SMALL
CRIMES. JUST ENOUGH
TO KEEP FOOD IN MY
BELLY AND JAZZ
VINYL ON THE
TURNTABLE.

"A GOOD LIFE, I TELL YOU.
SWEET. HAVE ME A HIDEAWAY
NOONE KNOWS ABOUT. THERE
I CAN BE ALONE WITH MY
MUSIC AND MY THOUGHTS.
THERE I'M SAFE.

"AT LEAST THAT'S
WHAT I THOUGHT...
UNTIL I HAD THAT
DREAM."



"IT...THE DREAM BEGINS
FINE...IN A STREET,
FAMILIAR... IN THE
'QUARTER'... IT'S NIGHT,
BUT I FEEL SAFE, 'CAUSE
I KNOW THE CITY SO
WELL.

"ANYWAY, SOMEONE'S
PLAYING A MEAN
CLARINET AT OLLIBO IN
THE ALLEY YONDER.
A BIT THIN ON THE
HIGH NOTES BUT STILL
KINDA COOL.

"I THOUGHT I'D GO
HAVE ME A LOOG-EE.
SCOPE THE TALENT,
N MAYBE HAVE SOME
OF THAT CRAB THEY
COOK SO GOOD
THERE.

"BUT THEN I BLINK...
AND...IT'S LIKE
CHANGING CHANNELS
ON THE TV.

"AND...AND
SUDDENLY...



"...CLARINETS AND
CRABMEAT ARE
THE LAST THINGS
ON MY MIND.

"I WAS IN THE SAME
STREET AS BEFORE,
BUT...I WASN'T.
IT WAS WEIRD... IT
WAS...

"IN MY HEAD...THE
MUSIC I'D HEARD...
HAD CHANGED, NOW
IT WAS A WOODEN
XYLOPHONE BADLY
PLAYED. THE RHYTHM
WAS WRONG...OUT
OF...TIME...
DRUNKEN.

"THEN I REALIZED
I WAS LISTENING
TO THE MOOVES
OF A COACH AND
HORSE."



"THE COACH HIT THE CURB..."

"...JOGGED HIM, MADE HIM DROP..."

"...WHAT HE WAS HOLDING."





"IT WAS
MY
DREAM.

"MY DREAM.
AND I DIDN'T
LIKE IT. NO,
NOT ANY-
MORE.

...HELP ME
PURGE...

...MY
INADEQUACIES...

...TO DO IT...
YOU...A
SACRIF--

HELP
ME...

"SO WHY
COULDN'T I
WAKE UP?"

--NHH!

"RUNNING. I WAS AWARE
OF HOW THE LAYOUT OF
THESE STREETS WAS
ROUGHLY THE SAME AS
MY ORLEANS,

"AND YET SO DIFFERENT.
THE LOOK. THE FEW PEOPLE
I GLIMPSED AS I FLED
PAST THEM.

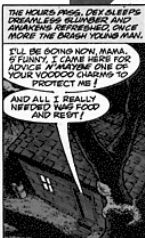
"ALL SO DIFFERENT."



"I WOKE IN MY ROOM,
WET WITH SWEAT."

SCARED...MY HIDEOUT,
SAFETY THERE... I NO
LONGER FELT IT. I
COULDN'T WAKE UP.
OH, MANA, I—

HUGH NOW. REST.
GOT ME SOME
POSSUM COOKIN'
IN THE POT. REAL'S
WHAT YOU NEED.



THE HOURS PASS, DEX SLEEPS
DREAMLESS GLUMBER AND
AWAKENS REFRESHED, ONCE
MORE THE BRASH YOUNG MAN.

I'LL BE GOING NOW, MANA.
S' FUNNY, I CAME HERE FOR
ADVICE. N' MAYBE ONE OF
YOUR VOOODOO CHARMS TO
PROTECT ME!

AND ALL I REALLY
NEEDED WAS FOOD
AND REST!



THAT'S AS MAY BE, BUT
YO' TAKE MY WORDS
TO HEART IF YO' VALUE 'EM
AT ALL.

ANY MORE "DREAMS"
OCCUR, YO' ACT THE
SAME WAY. YO' RUN,
YO' FIGHT, YO' WATCH
YOUR BACK!
BE CARE-
FUL, BOY!



I HEAR YOU, MANA.
I HEAR YOU, BUT I
KNOW I WAS JUST
BEING SILLY. I
KNOW...



...IT WAS ALL
JUST A
DREAM.

MANA BEAU HAD READ THIS
ENTRANCE OF HER FATHER'S
ROOSTER, A WEEK PRIOR.
THEY'D TOLD HER THIS WOULD
HAPPEN...THE DREAM AND
DEX'S FEARS ABOUT IT.



BUT IT IS HIS DESTINY, SOMETHING
HE MUST ENCOUNTER UNFOR-
WARNED, AND SO BECOME
STRONGER BY OVERCOMING IT.
SHE COULDN'T TELL HIM WHAT
SHE KNEW...THAT IT WASN'T
A DREAM...

...THAT IT HAD
REALLY
HAPPENED.



ALONGER, AN AREA OF ORLEANS
THAT NEVER SAW BETTER DAYS,
A PLACE OF RICE AND VICE AND MOLD
AND MISERY.

SO DID THEY
GET HIM?
DEX MUNDO?



TO REM AND ICE AUGUSTINE,
STRANGERS TO THIS PLACE...IT
ALREADY SEEMS LIKE HOME.



IN THE ECOSPHERE? NO.
THEY'D GENT FISH TO CATCH
THE BOY. IT ALL WENT
AWAY.

SO WHAT
NEXT?



HIS GET
INVOLVED...
FRESHMAN.

...AND DEX MUNDO
IS SUDDENLY A BOY
WITH A LOT OF
TROUBLE AHEAD
OF HIM.

His name is Dex Mungo. He is the son of a living black woman and a dead white man. He is half-black and half-white. Half living. Half dead.

He is the Ectokid, a young boy who can squeeze his ectoplasm, the ghost-goo often called a soul, from his breathing body and slip through the lightless exits of this world into the next.

His stories and struggles are those of the Ectosphere, an "in-between" world of shadows reflecting our world throughout time. Here Dex meets those souls that still cling to the living world, afraid or unable to move on; Jack and Bobby Kennedy question Lee Oswald, Jimmy Hoffa argues with Al Capone and Janis Joplin sits alone guzzling ectoplasm.

It is a dark world of deceivers, of tricksters and shape-shifters; a world of ancient evil collected into demons called incubi and succubi. It is a world of falling dreams and ghost stories; a world where death is only the beginning.

—Larry Wachowski



AFTERWORDS

What do the guys at Marvel do when someone like Clive Barker turns up on their doorstep with a few worlds in his pocket? They jump him, create a new imprint, and hand him the tools to make a universe...

And that, more or less, is how **RAZORLINE**, tales from the **Barkerverse**, was born. The moment Marvel gave the green light, Clive, a comics fanboy from way back, rolled up his sleeves, dug deep into those pockets, and started building. And no big surprise, he's turning out places, characters, and stories that **nobody's** seen or heard before!

Allow me to introduce myself as the consulting editor on the Razorline series. You may know my name as one of the contributing writers on the Hellraiser comics. Or you might know me from my acting days as the guy who played the drunken priest in **Nightbreed**.

I've been lucky enough to be working with Clive on several projects during the past couple of years, the introduction of the Harrowers into the Hellraiser mythology, a new and as yet still secret screenplay idea, and a couple of mind-twisting video game projects, to name a few.

One of the most exciting parts of working with Clive is watching how an idea of his evolves and takes shape. All four of the new **RAZORLINE** titles sprung to life at amazingly fast rates. Some, like "Saint Sinner," started as mere titles, others developed out of just a line or a visual Clive had remembered from a dream. A few faltered early on, and got stored away to be looked at again at some later date.

But the four you've just read samples of **mushroomed** into abundant mythologies at a rate that forbid any protest of their right to survive. And the writers on these titles have discovered what I've known for a while now, that in working with one of Clive's ideas, you don't just hit the ground running, you find yourself in the middle of a relay race with a handful of batons, and a choice of fifty routes to the finish line!

Razorline. Marvel's gone the distance on this one. So has Clive, and one hell of a group of talented writers and artists. Now it's your turn. Hold on tight.

-Malcolm Smith, Consulting Editor

The hardest part about writing this is knowing you've heard it all before.

You've had "new and exciting" shoved at you so often that a flinching reaction has become almost second nature. Your critical judgment is scarred with disappointment, overuse and abuse. But somewhere under the growing cynicism is a certainty that the best ideas haven't yet been done, and a giddy anticipation at the promise of real magic lurking just behind that next cover.

"Hey Rocky, watch me pull a really new and exciting idea out of my hat."

"Again? That trick never works."

"This time for sure!"

And this time, it is for sure. This time, the promise is sealed in an envelope of wonder mailed to you from one of today's most creative and innovative talents. He's the man who has taken every genre he's met as a challenge, taking the is and transforming it into the best of might be, to create the new form of energy coined the *fantastique*. His name is Clive Barker, and this is his vision of the super hero: that being comprised of the best and worst of each of us. This is the magic of a brave new adventure.

So go ahead, raise your expectations. Realize, after what you've had a taste of here, that the excitement isn't gone, and that the best ideas are yet to come.

And that it's never too late to change the world.

-Marc McLaurin, Editor

SUPER HEROES FROM THE MIND OF CLIVE BARKER

From the boundless imagination of writer/producer/director **Clive Barker**, four new titles burst onto the scene—into the realm of **super heroes** with a barkerian twist!



Once, long ago, super heroes were real. Now the power is reborn into four products of the grit and glitz of Hollywood Boulevard. A jock, a rich girl, a drug addict, and a child of the streets. They will become the heroes of a new generation – if they can survive.

HYPERKIND

Meet Dex Mungo, sometime thief, full-time street rat; half-human, and half-ghost. Enter his realm, the Ectosphere—a wondrous and often deadly place of fantasy, horror and gritty action, between the here and the hereafter.

Ectokid

In a masterful mix of magic, comedy and explosive suspense, failed stand-up comic Trip Munroe becomes the last line of defense against a powerful extra-dimensional overlord—in other words, Earth's last, hope...is a joke.

HOKUM & HEX

Possessed by two entities from another dimension, the boy Philip Fetter must now exist in that small space between them, as a man trapped between light and dark, good and evil. He's gained incredible power, at the cost of his youth, his life, and his very sanity.

SAINT SINNER

What Clive Barker did for horror, he's about to do for super heroes.

DIRECT EDITION

